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KNOWN TOO LATE. Alas, the years that shall return no more! The years full-freighted with a wealth untold, The tlash of dimonds and the gleam of gold— New drifted past me to the silent shore. The winds are howling; but above the din I men's the loss no mourning can restore.
On Frend, are we indeed the sport of Fate Good with the good, wiscst where all were wis

Copyright secured according to law.] For the National Era. HERMAN;

Must Grief come in, lest Joy should be too great, Checking "I knew one such" with weeping, "kno

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

BY E. FOXTON, Author of " Premices."

CHAPTER XIII-Concluded Much moved, she put a useful suggestion form of a rebuke, exclaiming indignantly, Well, then, sir, I'm very much surprised that re the proper persons to go to for information.

- To whom, ma'am?" - Why, her aunt and uncle Ronaldson, I said,

And you will be good and patient, sir? dor; and if you attempt to rise at present, or

If I can," said Herman, with something of merulousness of an invalid; "but I must the sure of being on the spot, in time to speak the Sister; and if you will not tell me when

hat should be "-I my heart; but you must see, yourself, that but it isn't the thing for me to be making apintiments of this sort." Herman did see it, ad owned it; but he sighed, and stirred restesly; and she went on, "You needn't hurry, all events. Mrs. Ronaldson is travelling end of next month. And I give you my ord that that will be soon enough for you,

man for having been shot.

Even this, Herman bore with remarkable of these days, if I can,) I am forced to own, that

could try. Clasping the bed-post with both inds, he cautiously lowered his feet to the igon diagonally fronted the window. Just sked out of the window, Constance beg your pardon, though; I lorgot that that other, billing and twittering together like two seemed to be a tender point with you when I touched it just now. I dare say many of the number as a livine despair in her eyes. Then she raised handkerchief in her hand, and bowed her handkerchief in ad to it. She loved him! He would have given rt's blood to be permitted to dry those

ster Mary came out, and climbed into the I believe—a bank, and "——retentions chariot. Mrs. Dobbs followed to "Toy shops and confectioners' shops, I dare retentious chariot. Mrs. Dobbs followed to he fainted now, it was no matter. Getting from his hed was all that he had had to concern him-How he was to be got back, was Not preferring to be ndry efforts at locomotion, and, at sundry unearthly noises with the legs of the chair upon the wooden floor, which speedily brought Marshall, who was eating his

astride on a chair, and clinging to the back of it with both hands, with a very pale face over the top; and his first idea was that Herman, in

Chept that the woman was young, and in a unprecedented that she presently caught herself wagon. Getting very little explanation from theman, he took him in his arms, put him to bed, and, as soon as he appeared capable of comprehension, suggested to him that, if he had a fancy to sit.

sode, was over. The Palace of Dainty Delights went nowhere near Baltimore. And then I govern the perceived that the apples were heetic, and the oranges jandiced; that the green carpet did not harmonize well with the blue now with they yellow floor, and that the lath-and-plaster walls had no paper for him to wile away his restless hours in stadying. He next proceeded to discover the truth of the theory, that women make better nurses than men, but yet that Mrs. Dobbs must be one of the exceptions that proved the rule, for she could no more make Sister Mary's place good than Marshall; that dangerous illness was a state often less trying than convalescence; and that it was singular what a difference physical weakness could dause in one's power of attention; for though the Messtrs. Dobbs were all of them most intelligent yeomen, and had much to tell him about the state of affairs in Kansa, which was authentic, and no doubt important, he knew no more about it after they had been hospitably trying to entertain him with it for an hour than when they begian.

The Nansa doctor, on his next friendly visit that was lathered they had been hospitably trying to entertain him with it for an hour than when they begian.

The Nansa doctor, on his next friendly visit that was limited they have been hospitably trying to entertain him with it for an hour than when they begian.

The Nansa doctor, on his next friendly visit that was lathered to the first that few men, no matter how skilfell they may be in general, can understand than which has affording a remarkable illustration of the fact that few men, no matter how skilfell they may be in general, can understand that there, up stairs; but here he's been remarking to me that he expects to be able to travel text week. Leevetenant Marshall, if you travel text week. Leevetenant Marshall, if you travel new exception of the state of the population of the him try it, I guess you'll repeat of it, and him, too. He's a dead man if he doos, as aura to he will be the population of Dr. Bayou co

im, too. He's a dead man if he doos, as sure to open my eyes to the condition of those the lives."

The opinion of Dr. Bayou coincided in subless fortunate than myself. God send him hap-long after, and become wanderers to behold: The opinion of Dr. Bayou coincided in substance with that of Dr. Coffin, though not in language, being expressed in the purest Mississippian, of which I regret that no specimen has been preserved for me to lay also before my readers, for a comparison of dialects. Herman submitted himself with the best grace he could to think she would relent, but would not say so, for four of having afterwards to complete the comparison of his modical brethen; but to the decision of his medical brethren; but his good constitution and habit of health now came to the aid of his vishes, and extricated him safely from their hads before long, and much sooner than they expected, in spite of the drawbacks of homesickness, restlessness, and irrepressible anxiety; and he quitted Kansas, after all, with a much lighter heart than that with which he had entered it. avel too soon, you must know yourself that wound will inflame, and you will be worse with which he had entered

CHAPTER XIV. The Lady's Shrift. "My queen was crouching at my side, By love unsceptred and brought low, Her awaii garb of maiden pride All melted into tears like snow. The mistress of my reverent thought"— The Augel in the House

much of the time in spirits so mysteriously high, that Edward declared it must be a cure for despondency to be shot through the body, and that if he were intrusted with the care of an entreaties, at the risk of being let through the asylmin for the insane, he should certainly make floor into the cellar, like one of the Ravels, by targets of all his melancholy patients. This remark of his deserves recording, for this reason, though for this reason only: it was the nearest in one of the pews of the church of St. Nostrum, to a sportive, not to say a good-humored one, bounce out, and drag his lady-love from the althat that will be soon enough for you, and too soon. If you were in Baltimore now, that he made at this time and on this occasion. Quite contrary to his wont, he was in a state of gloomy and taciturn indignation; and, from his unusual reserve, it was difficult to discover and accordingly much more convenient to me, the was most angry with the Border if he had done some one or all of these things;

Even this, Herman bore with remarkable cheerfulness. Perhaps Constance's tears had been any service, and told her that he should always believe that, under Providence, he owed his recovery from the only two illnesses of his life to "his two sisters." Sister Mary had heard chough about Clara before, to feel rewarded.

The next morning brought Marshall, his baggage, and Dr. Bayou, who was now to take the chief supervision of Herman. At noon, Sister Mary brought in Constance, to say good her to call upon the old providence, he owed almost at a stand-still, while he obligingly read aloud to Clara more novels and poetry than, on her own as cant, she had ever perused in her life. To the great improvement of her bloom, he rode with her so fast that she often wanted breath to protest man her best wishes and advice, and made up bye. She did not say it. She did not speak. that she often wanted breath to protest the held out his hand. She did not seem to ce it, turned, and went out. Sister Mary, for the last time, bent her tall old form over him, romped with Tom and Bessy, until they proher kindest and most motherly the world-a great deal funnier even than Uncle | Constance was coming to pass two or three her power to relieve. She Edward." At the same time, as if for a coun-terpoise to all this, he brought home to Clara Georgetown; and that would probably be next was his young face full of strong anguish, one sombre book after another upon monach-strongly borne, and he saw actual tears in her ism, mediaval art, Romish saints, &c., till one waiting only for Sister Mary's company. Conday she asked him whether he meant to decoy to send the counterpane, she whispered, "Take heart, my dear. Twill soon be over."

day she asked him whether he meant to decoy to send the coach to the cars. She would send the coach to the cars. Trust her to me. I will watch over her, as if snatch of the old song, "Oh, is it not a pity?" house, and make sure of an interview at once. "She was my daughter, or you were my son." With its burden, "No, I won't be a nun!" Any opposition to his seeing Constance on the wrung her shrivelled hand, and kissed it. Upon this he told her, with unaccountable and The door was shut. He was alone. "Check the old song, "Oh, is it not a pity?" house, and make sure of an interview at once. "Any opposition to his seeing Constance on the part of her superiors?" Oh, no, she thought rather depressing solemnity, that he seriously not. She should be very sorry to think so. He heard a horse's hoof stamp impatiently believed there was a great deal more of un- But, then, dear Constance herself was ardent, the loose gravel underneath the window. earthly excellence and saintliness among the and sometimes a little wilful, (though that was charitable orders of the Church of Rome than

she, at length, finding him dull.

"Yes," said he, looking up blankly into her face, "I shall go to Baltimore, myself."

"Shall you?" returned she, laughing, "but seen. A white-covered butcher's wagon I shall not. It's rather far for a stroll; and, The tall, Diana-like figure, all in black, the

besides, I shan't trust myself there with you at same that had haunted the farm-house in Kan med, so that the opening at the back of the present. There are too many convents. I sas, reappeared, and darted into the hall, into some diagonally fronted the window. Just might find myself in one before I knew it. I the arms of Mrs. Ronaldson. They kissed each erman looked out of the window, Constance beg your pardon, though; I forgot that that other, billing and twittering together like two

did 1? Why should you imagine that they had anything to do with my going to Baltimore?" "Why, I did not! Have they? Are you real- ly again! How good you are, to let me come ly interested in them?" Oh," said he, relieved, and endeavoring to ben than anything else could give; and on the recollect himself, "there are a great many ob- ever to go away and leave me! How could you

bettory of them he was to live henceforth for jects of interest in Baltimore. There is an do so? Athenæum, a monument to Washington-and-

wheel with vociferous farewells. Silas say, suggested she, demurely. "Never mind. bothin; and the wagon vanished behind the barn before Herman grew too blind to see. If the garret, and find out all about it, no doubt. till I had run away from you." When do you visit this interesting city?"

"Oh - next week. Have you any com-"Only to come back safe and soon. Herman chaght at the window, however, he made, as often as he regained strength and consciousness of not necessary, but this one I must, because I have been so frightened about you so lately: It is no dangerous errand that takes you to Balti

> "No, indeed, my dearest, no! You will know all about it some time, perhaps; perhaps, very

"That is all I wish to know until you wish to tell me." Clara said this in perfect good faith, with respect at least to any mere selfish inquisi"What? Why?" tiveness on her part. The vulgar general charge of delirium, had been indulging himself of idle feminine curiosity is sometimes brought by their inferiors against women, who rather deserve praise and admiration for their eager and anxious sympathy, and solicitude for the welfare of those very persons who ridicule them for it e, who are in the secret, perceive Any serious attempt at concealment between not altogether wide of the mark, herself and Herman was, however, a thing so

ry to sit up, he had better at first try being less banter about his monastic hobbies-unless pillowed up for a little while where he was, or at any rate wait till somebody came to assist him, to which Herman meekly assented. He showed no more signs of any such fancy for several days after. The clock had struck twelve. Cinderella had the Roman Catholics are right, after all; bu gone, without even leaving him so much as her shoe! Oh, yes, though! There were the flowers that and gathered for him. He must press and grantered for him. He must press and preserve them; and doing this and gumming them in arabesques and wreaths upon paper, as he had seen her treat some in former times afford.

The Roman Catholics are right, after all; but the Roman Catholics are right,

"God r pareva il ciel di lor fiammelle: O settentrional vedovo sito, Poi che privato se' di mirar quelle!"

Endless bright stellar contrasts and artistic groupings combine to illuminate and beautify his mighty realm. But little recks he of these like an old robber-knight, he sits aloft in his cloud-eyrie, where never ray of sunshine penetrates, watching ever for victims upon whom to hurl down his malevolent storm-blast. Never sleeps he, for the perpetual chorus of his satellites combines in wild enwoven strophe and antiwish to know." Clara found that she had worked a whole crimson tulip wrong in her tidy, and addressed all her powers resolutely to the wholesome penance of picking it out.

Herman went to Baltimore; but whether or no he remembered to visit the interesting bank, monument, and confectioners' shops, never transpired. It is, however, I regret to say, certain that he did not lie in ambush under the house. bre heart, and he calls for them as kings in the olden time used call for tourneys to drown their ennui, no matter how many teeth Isaac of York must lose to bear expenses. The misty east wind comes to him with its whirl of moist vapor, and the grim King laughs, for is not this his jester, who maketh his heart merry with frequent joke? And the South Wind, from his blue ice-fields, attends the Court, his black huge body cased in Antarctic glaciers, his gray beard beavy with icicles of the wild-dashed wave—like some Norway pine upon a firth in winter, its sturdy trank all grown with moss and lichen, its spines and branches hoar with frozen spray—attends the Court in honor, styled spray—attends the Court in honor spray—attends the Court his well-guarded keep bristles defiantly against all assailants. And the North Wind, warm and languid from the Pampas and Brazilian forests, is the slave of the royal hate, for he never murmurs but of flowers, and dreamily whispers in his sleep of fair joys denied the King forever. But the Southwest Wind is the Champion of his Realm, who whirls down in mad charge upon every intruder, whirls down with retinue of flinty iceberg and white-crested wave, and hail, and snow, and misty attendance of benumbing spray. And he it is that the Storm-King fostereth, and calleth "my son," and promiseth

that he did not lie in ambush under the house of St. Tabitha, drug the watchmen, scale the walls by night, and bring Constance down a

rope-ladder out of a three-story window, nor did

[Mrs. Ronaldson's] own house, of course.

chiefly before her conversion, and ought not to

letting herself be turned from that line of life.

She would send for him, and he had better be

"Oh, dear Aunt Cora, how dear you are!

"How naughty you were, you wilful darling,

"Indeed, I don't know. I've wondered

had no home, and was all alone in the world,

"I am afraid not, dear; you gave them all

do, children! Run up to the nursery. Go down and tell the cook to make some muffins,

"They remind me of my wilfulness and fol-

"Oh, because-it does not suit me. I'm not

and play, and draw, and read my own books, and think my own thoughts without always

said, with her white lips scarcely stirring.

o more be a nun than I can a seraph!

Constance! Why?"

back to you once more!

Cora?"

meditating

"No, dear, Come in."

on the spot. Herman was not unwilling.

The coach rumbled to the door and stoppe

his downy-bosomed daughter in marriage. A gay festive realm hath the black-browed old Ruler in these latter days. Time was when he had to waste his rage upon the waters, or upon some luckless whale that perchance had strayed into his dominion, for no nobler game came in his way to hunt down. But from the days of Le Mair and Shouten, and gallant Sir Francis Drake, man's white-winged messengers have been his glorious quarry. Eager they plunge into thy realm in quest of gain, of gold, reckless of the bones bleaching at the bottom of thy waters, and of the tossed spars and timbers that rise upon thy swell. Gold doth aid thee, oh stormy one, give thanks to gold. All the fiends bless it, do thou bless it They have tried to study thy ways, oh King, to solve thy mysteries, to circumvent thee, but thou art inscrutable, unfathomable, lord of the mighty tempests, and they cannot read in thy

Into thy woeful kingdom, oh lord of "Tene brific Cape," went a tall and stately ship. Highhearted were her crew, for they loved and trust ed their noble craft, and had proved her powers. In white squall, and sudden hurricane of Caribbee, they had seen her dance, "tripping on light fantastic toe," as if 'twere but the languid sigh of a summer eve. And now, confident, venturous, they tempt thy realm. Hoarse voices drown even the moans of the zephyrs warning them away—hourse voices ordering spars down and sails reefed. "Clew up, and haul down, furl and reef!" for the dread Cape is near, the Storm-King's throne! All around them hath thy icy-bearded Castellan summoned up cloudforms to shut out the light of day, and hath brought up all his forces, cold, and snow, and

"And now there come both mist and snow, And it grows wondrous cold: And ice, mass-high, comes floating by, As green as emerald:"

Wildly he yells his mad anger, wildly warns nem back, yet they will on. Thy South Wind, oh King, is impotent against these hardy mariners, this stout and goodly ship. They battle him roughly, and already are victors. Feathery light, the proud Clipper dances over waves boilgreat many times. Give me another kiss-two-and hold me tight! Oh, I never knew ing, seething in vain wrath about her, hurling what a darling foster-mother I had, nor how unicy spray into her frozen rigging, and roaring their fierce anger at her successful progress. Vainly toils thy South Wind, oh King, for two "Come, come into the parlor, and let me take off your bonnet. It is all damp with the brawny backs are at the helm, and they bring thy Castellan into service, oh Lord of Storms, to lift them on their course! What dost murmur, Constance hung back. "Do you think there oh thou, placidly flapping thy great black wings can be any of my own dresses up-stairs, Aunt over thy gray eyrie? "Let them pass on!" Ominous are such words on thy lips, ruthless one, ominous in meaning as in style. Let them "I am afraid not, dear; you gave them all one, ominous in meaning as in style. Let them way, yourself, did you not? There, that will pass on, that thy Champion may tilt at them in full career? that thou mayst, flapping thy own and tell the cook to make some muffins, ambo."

"I'm afraid I did. I shall feel so odd and onspicuous in these before people; and, besides, away, yourself, did you not? There, that will conspicuous in these before people; and, besides,

very near.

Thou whisperest yet more, dismal monarch. What! Thou wilt send thy Jester, thy misty, ly. Aunt Cora, it is a no use to try! I can frivolous East Wind, to toy with and cajole them, so that thy Champion may catch them unawares! Oh, thou foul traifor! shall no human art ever wrest thy castle from thee? Oh, fated ones! already the chorus of the Stormgood enough. I mean to do good part of the fated ones! already the chorus of the Storm-time; but I want to do something else besides, King, and the wild notes of his downy-bosomed daughter, are exulting in pæans and victorious verses over your ruin. Already doth the Chammy own thoughts, without always verses over your ruin. Already doth the Cham-lill-be the children's governess, or pion gird on his armor of mist, and ice, and storm, and hail, fitting to his hand his sword of you please, if you'll only let me stay Is Uncle Henry in the parlor?" numbing frost, his mace of crushing wave, and mounting astride this black tempest steed, who Herman met her on the threshold. He is fleeter in charge than the hurtling bullet—cought she would have fallen. "Why, are you even now is he thus making ready, while ye, ere?" exclaimed she, not knowing what she your frozen sails, and congratulate yourselves The low, spontaneous answer broke from him saying, "The Storm-Cape is passed, and this is with equal abruptness, "Because I love you!" "Children, children," cried Mrs. Ronaldson, "Come away from Cousin Constance this modern way from Cousin Constance this modern, who cast so recklessly from

In the Greek tragedy, Chorus stood apart, irresponsible yet sympathetic witnesses of whatever action and passion informed the play-farnishing, in some sort, a precedent of that share which M. Kossuth wished our country to take in the great European struggle he purposed to inaugurate. Their diction, lyric in character, was toned to the requirements of the mise en scene, so that the progressive intensity of the action could be read on the face of the choral commentary and accompaniment. With something of the same intent, we have framed the foregoing rhapsody, which let the reader receive as chorus to our drama, its rhythm the wild melody, the fierce hymning of the winds; its dance, the unceasing changes, convolutions, rushings up, and black magnificent gestures of the stoun-clouds; for stage, the universe—to these men, if they be actors and play a part, fate-instructed, yonder tossing ship is stage or spectators, whatever all-seeing ones are serned, even the One Great All-Seeing.

Let us drop these syllabic strides, and re-Let us drop these syllabic strides, and return to prose. Yet the scene deserves a lofty diction. Picture to yourself a proud clipper ship essaying to double the tenebrific Cape Horn. A storm such as Nature reserves for that region. Black midnight, through which the gulfy horrors of the tossed deep and the gloom of the lowering clouds so indistinctly peer, as just to stimulate the fancy into amplification and hyperbole of awe and dread erbole of awe and dread.

The wind chaunts its own sad music through the cordage, slack with incessant strain, and the ship tugs and groans like a prostrate giant who has not yet yielded, though his antagonist kneels

upon his breast.
Soothly had this gallant clipper held her course, prosperously voyaged from her northern port, straight on from the fair bay of Mepolis, past the Antilles, never hurt by tornado r belated in calm. A clipper of fame and oof was she, and there were bets pending that with its bleak, glistening, Alpine barrenness and desolation, so strange, and cold, and lovely, in its icy glittering pinnacles, and its mountains shouldered white with snow; with its great milkhued albatrosses ever winging their noiseless way between the mounting waves, or sleeping, head under wing, upon the crest, as the child would in an air-rocked hammock—so strange and lovely, that the voyager, suddenly casting his eye to starboard upon it, would fancy him self awakening once more in an Alpine valley and looking up at the wondrous white brow of Jungfrau, or the diamond-sprinkled glories of Chamounix; only there was no hint here of rippling Staulbach, nor of Lauterbrunnen's blue

thing clewed down ship-shape, and the ship headed westerly, attempting the region of the "Father of Storms." But a fierce gale set in from the west, and beat them back. In yain they tack and tack about, onward progress is denied them. The wind heads them, fences with them, drives them back at the point of the sword. Now it veers, and for a while dashes on them from the south, "with icy breath from kissing of the Pole," and mist that freezes upon stiffened ropes and sails, and snow west; now lying to, now tacking, now trying to eat up in the wind's eye, and, as near as ca be reckoned, they have advanced but fifty miles. Suddenly the wind lulls, the sun shines out calm and bright, the air grows piercing coldand the ship is pitched from top to top of long glassy waves. They are "becalmed off the Horn," and there is nothing to do but with infinite stirring about to keep the blood in circulation, and "whistle for a gale," for the calm may last for a day, or may keep by them, or rather keep them by it, for a weary mouth or two. But such was not to be their fate. Soon a little ripple is seen over the smooth swell, a huff that only fills top-gallant sails freshens upon them. another, another, and in an hour they are bowling onward with close-reefed topsails, while an in-creasing southerly gale is howling in the rigging, and bending down the dainty Clipper before it until she leans like a horse in the circus ring. With so much "southing," and a week lost, the Captain (who has also some money "up' the result) thinks he can spare himself of westerly steering, and at once cut off corners, save many miles, and make all safe, by heading west-northwest, much more northerly than is the custom. It was his first voyage round the Cape, and he was skeptical of the Storm-King's awful power. The gale increases at night, the snows begin to fall, and here and there is seen a cake of floating ice, but the Captain will not lie to until the crash of the ship's bows through a field of "slush ice" reminds him of his danger in a manner not to be disregarded. By morning, the tempest is over, but the fog, and rain, and floating ice, keep by them still, and they

dare not try their speed. The Captain chafes impatiently. "We are right abreast of the old storm-breeder, now, Matey," says he, "but way to the south ard. That's why we have so much ice about us. Oh, if this fog only will clear away, we'll bowl along, and win it yet, hy long odds. I'll put two or three more points on her, Matey, and we'll drive along before this ten-knot breeze, strong-handed sailor he seems to his fellows, ten days ahead so far, and we're bound to hold his years; and to seem so is much indeed, for it

our own." His hopes seemed to intend realizing themselves. Before night the fog had lifted, the sun inheri shone out, and the southerly wind blew steadily time."

ing, with the breeze more to the eastward, and hence still more favorable, the ship sped on. dog.

There were two stout fellows at the wheel. One Jasper, my hearty," said he, looking out There were two stout fellows at the wheel. One There were two stout fellows at the wheel. One a weather-beaten old tar of fifty years, with a broad honest face, brown as tamed leather, scarred and wrinkled; gray beetling eyebrows, scraggy white whiskers, a blue eye, rather flat and deep-sunken, but very honest looking, and a wide, square-cornered mouth from which oozed a drop of tobacco juice, the chewing of which weed had worn the teeth all down to stumps, like the hearts in a cob of reasing corn, after the grain has been cut off for the table. after the grain has been cut off for the table.

A short, square-built fellow he was, with a long A short, square-built fellow he was, with a long nervous arm, a huge sinewy hand, a slight stoop in his shoulders, a wide rolling yaving gait, and a knowing wink of his left eye. He was dressed for cape weather, in heavy woolen suit, over which he wore jacket and trowsers of oiled cloth; a huge red comforter was wrapped in triple folds about his neck, and a sou-wester hat, large as a Cape Race pilot's, surmounted his head. A costume more comfortable than richnessance as is proper in a place where the

somewhat, yet not case-hardened like that of man would turn pale if he felt it on his cheek, his shipmate. A silken brown beard, short and and send down his spars, 'clew and haul and collar was rolled. A very handsome, frank, capable, reliable young seaman he appeared to be, quick, willing, and intelligent. The Captain accosted the elder of the two steersmen:

would it, Matey?"

"Taint that sort, Cap'n," said the old steersman, very seriously. "It's the infernal gale that blows your masts over if you face it, and smashes in your stern if you send, and anyhow sends you on the breakers, or on an ice-mountain, if you haint got a wide offing. It comes from the sou west, and you haint seen it yet,

sun is out, and the sea quiet, scarce a 'white-cap' to be seen. In thirty-six hours, we'll be way out in the Pacific, almost in the Trades, and on our way to Valparaiso. Matey, let's shake that reef out of the main t'gallant-s'l,"

hope. There is a spirit in man at a certain age, this of Jasper, a spirit engendered of the crass and exuberant humors of youth, which is very imperfectly comprehended. Goethe, without having experienced it, has, with a wonderful achaving experienced it, has, with a wonderful ac-curacy, diagnosed its moodier manifestations in his Werther. Byron lived it, and set it to music, in his Childe Harold and his romances. Yet few have properly understood this "fervid sea-son of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires," though many have pro-posed grand infallible panaceas for its evils. For instance, the Werther remedy—effectual, no doubt as the Forlish method of considering no doubt, as the English method of crushing out rebellion in India, by blowing the rebels from evening haze, nor of peasants singing the Ranz des Vaches on the beautiful meadows that reach to Interlachen, nursed so peacefully in the arms of its wide-spreading trees, and placed so loving-

Perhaps, were it practicable, the suggestion worthy Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, that " were a real increase of human happiness, could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise in visible; and there be left to follow their lawfu studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-five," contains a very excellent solution of the problem, but it unfortunately is not. We must look elsewhere the stiffened ropes and sains, and show the plants of the stiffened ropes and sains, and show the plants of the stiffened ropes and sains, and show the plants of the plan experience, the better for him-that "spiritual music can spring only from discords set in uni son; that but for evil, there were no good, as victory is only possible after battle," and then he will be able to appreciate and act up to the fact that "the end of man is an action, not a thought," and brings himself thus within the circle of truly possible magic, wherein to work with the Faust purpose:

"Duss ich erkenne, was die Welt Im Innersten zusammen halt, Schau" alle Wirkenskraft und Samen, U.d thu" nicht mehr in Worien kramen," Our Jasper was in the fermenting state, with-

out fixed aims, without knowing either himself, or what to do, himself being agent, and yet rough the ministerings of that potent wizard Employment, to all outward appearance, and for all reasonable intents and purposes, strong and healthy. You take a man from a bilious country, his eye yellow and injected, his skir tawny, his blood slow, his motions lazy, and his temper cross-in short, giving every evidence of having a diseased or torpid liver; you trans plant him into some purer air, change his diet, nake him exercise, and he seems to be completely regenerate; but return him to his malarious atmosphere months afterwards, and he is stricken down with fever, for the seeds of the disease were still in his system. And so it is with Jasper. The bile remains in the system : he has not purged himself of it with the specifics indicated by the symptoms—has gone through no course of calomel—set himself up with no invigorating quinias, but, changing o scene, the stimulating universes of a new mode of life, a new series of experiences, acquaintance with a new phase of humanity, contact with Nature in her loftier manifestations, and the great distracter, labor, have sufficed to renand turn the corner like a race-horse. We're with bright prospects for a "foremast-man" of evidences a proper doing of his duties in the path of life he had chosen. A "wide and fair

for two at a ten-knot rate. They had not, however, . A firm-friendship had grown up between him been able to take accurate observations, and and Brawny Back, which latter was a stoutthe reckoning was not reliable. The Captain hearted old seaman, son of Neptune, knowing no nationalities, but free by conquest of all salt "We're two degrees south the Horn, and one water guilds; a whale lisher from his youth; an west Camden Island, very near the corner, but we'll west a little yet, for the currents set very strong about her, Matey."

honest old sea heart, soaked in brine, and redoublent of the wave; an antique merman on his travels, whom one would not at any time wonder They now sailed on a due northwest course, at finding on his way home to wife and children going about twelve miles an hour, with the under the coral reef; a skilful sailor, learned in wind tolerably fair, the heavens clear, and the hright southern Constellations gleaming like ligious with the rough instinct of an ignorant diamonds in the deep-blue ether. In the morn-observer of Nature's mighty ways; and loving In the morn- observer of Nature's mighty ways; and loying

table. whetting their teeth for them "--"Yes, yes. The 'quem Deus vult perdere

you. Gently, my Wamba, gently. Thou dost it breeze. His face was of a ruddy hue, browned and, warm or cold, any old Cape Horn whale-

into one o' them guts of Fuego, which ain't half and the search in the content in so far off as the Cap'n thinks or wishes. When the Era rather than anywhere else.

turing, and wants to do too much. I tell you, Jasper, it won't do for a man to try to do too much. My old mammy—God bless her—used to tell me a sort of parable like about a dog "Let my people go on in the path we have tro".

Strong, unwavering." We will: so help us, Oh God! with a bone in his mouth that tried to pick up the shadow of the bone too. I guess you've heard it. Well, the Cap'n's like that dog. He's heard it. Well, the Cap'n's like that dog. He's got the bone, but he wants the shadow too, and he's going to lose 'em both, and himself too, and he's going to lose 'em both, and himself too, and he's going to lose 'em both, and himself too, and all of us, if he ain't precious lucky. We hain't never had the offing we had ought to have, and why? Because the Cap'n thinks he can beat any ship that ever sailed, by hugging the shore, and heating up nigh the coast. But shake that reef out of the main t'gallant-s'l," and cheerily he trod the quarter deck.

Now it was Jasper that stood at the wheel day the best time to Bahia, where she had replenished her casks; on she fled, with the stiff gale swelling her wide-spread canvas, white and lovely, like the broad-winged albatross. So propertious had the winds been, that the captain had held on with it longer than usual, passing inside the Falkland Islands, close down by Staten Land, with its bleak, glistening. Alpine her reason is a spirit in man at a certain and with its bleak, glistening. Alpine her reason is a spirit in man at a certain and with its bleak, glistening. Alpine her reason is a spirit in man at a certain and with its bleak, glistening. Alpine her reason is a spirit in man at a certain and cheerily he trod the quarter deck.

Now it was Jasper that stood at the wheel with short at stood at the wheel with short and the shore, and beat any ship that ever sailed, by hugging the short sailed. He shore, and beat any ship that ever sailed, by hugging the short sailed. He shore, and beat any ship that ever sailed, by hugging the short sailed in the shore, and beat any ship the coast. But I tell you Cape Horn ain't one of your hug-able with short, and the shore, and beat any ship the coast. But I tell you Cape Horn ain't one of your hug-able with short, and the shore, and beating up nigh the coast. But I tell you Cape Horn ain't one of your hug-able with. H

> there's no use saying any more about it.'
> [TO BE CONTINUED.] For the National Era

PROGRESS-TWO VIEWS.

BY EDWARD SPENCER. Methinks this wild, this break neck gait, At which the mad world harries past, Should make all wise men stand aghast, As 'twere a torsing whirlwind's blas Dreading such speed orecipitate

'I've seen huge waves on rock bound shore Then, wildly charging 'gainst the breast

"The reef is order, man, the wave The stirring tempest, passion's pride A moment conquering 'twill s ride A moment churn its crested tide, " Not so, good sir; far in the West

With frost of age, grown gray before

The fainte t dream of Western shore Disturbed unbending Colon's rest. "The ascient, dark, and moss-grown mould Pamp re he sombre cypress trees— There songsters breathe choice litanes.

Rich bud, and bloom, and fruit pufold. "All choked, and gone to fruitless seed. With riches that are lavish poured Back whence they issued, and afford No gift to man of all the hoard

" He would there plant, as he would reap. (He knows that labor foreruns bread.) But in those shades of chilling drend Where vipers every thicket thread, Where stealthy panthers noise'ess erce

" And all is wild, unkempt, and herce, He finds no opening for his toil; His spade breaks not the root-choked soil And all conspires his aims to foil,

" Uztil some chance-lit flame may wake The forest's languid torpidness— A blade of flame that doth caress Only a leaf in low recess, r blushes 'neath some humble brake

" Then-as the leopard, tasting blood, By the new luxury inflamed, No matter how ite bath been tamed To savagery is soon reclaimed. And gloating quaffs the grateful food-

"So doth the flamelet, with young greed, Embrace some time-worn, fallen tree And soon, with roar and sevelry, With rampant, graring jubilee

The oak's stout strength, the woodbine's grac

And in man save do h soon outpace The she-wolf flering with her broos "The viper seeks the brook in vain The deer hath jeft his booky being

"Till it hath circles all the wood,

And grasps within its red embrace

And leapeth past the timid bare,

"No cease, no pause, no slightest stay Attune their roaring to the chaunt Of winds that pipe a mournful lay

"The beast is fled, the bird is flown, The oak hath crashed, and is consumed, And where the lovely wild flower promed. O'er all he nath his livery thrown-

"His crumbly ash, h's circling smoke, The sullen smoulder of his flame-Ah, who could guess this were the same So feeble, dim, inert, and tan.e.

Submerge the mass; and winter's snow Its crisey mantle oft doth throw Upon the scorehed and blighted pla " Then man, with restless, toiling hand, With cattle yoked, and harnessed plough,

These linger till the sammer rais

Doth many times, with total flow

With straining nerve and sweaty brow, With eye that careful cons the How " Where but a weed was wont to spring

He maketh grow a blade of corn; The fertile hay-field now is shorn Where thrived the briar and the thorn "Thus his with Progress; like the flames

It sweeps a fo.est from the earth Which once it cumbered ; where was dearth, It bringeth plenty, wealth, and mirth-It sears a moment, but fore'er reclaims. January 25, 1857.

The Cincinnati Inquirer says: There is a ager beer saloon keeper here who was formerly one of the Board of Examiners in the Austrian the "heresy" of Republicanism, and he now ekes out a subsistence by the moderate sale of lager,

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on business of the paper or for publication should be addressed to G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

If the Editor of the Era thinks the following B., we're in a current, as sure as fate."

"Sartin! and the current chops in yonder, into one o' them guts of Fuego, which ain't half well as the writer, who prefers to see them in

The Comet's Round of Travel.

or chucked on your beam-ends. It never does to jump in the belly of a sail when you're tacking, mind I tell you. The Cap'n's to be pitied, though, Jasper; he's got a young wife at home, a pretty creature as ever I see, and I reckon he expects, when he gets back again, to find a about 12 times further than Neptune, the most expects, when he gets back again, to find a smart boy crowing on her knees, and mighty judgematical about tity. Well, God made us all, Jasper—me, and thee, and the Cap'n—and each does and is done to according as was cut out for him before the mould was broken, so marking a circle with a sixpence in on of it, describe therein our solar system, drawing the orbits of the earth and the inferior planets as small as he can by the aid of a magnifying glass. If the circumference of the sixpence stands for the orbit of Neptune, then an oval filling the page will fairly represent the orbit of our comet; and if the paper be laid on the pavement, under the west door of St. Paul's, the length of that edifice will inadequately represent the distance of the nearest fixed star. That the comet should take more than 2,000 years to travel round the page of note paper, as we have supposed, is explained by its great diminution of speed as it recedes from the sun.

At its perihelion, as we have seen it inove lately, it has travelled 127,000 miles an hour, motion is about one thousand miles a minute At its aphelion, however, or greatest distance from the sun, the comet is a very slow body. sailing along as if doubtful whether to return at the rate of 480 miles an hour. This is only eight times the speed of a railway express. At this place, even if the comet could wholly shake off the attraction of the sun, which i certainly could not, and were it to travel onward in a straight line, the lapse of a million years would find it still travelling half way be-tween our sun and the nearest fixed star. Comets, then, can hardly be imagined visiters from our system to any other, or from any other to our own. There is every season to believe they belong to us, and are only planets of a lighter material, less settled construction, more eccen tric orbits, and somewhat more devious path than our own solid globe. It is hardly possible to look at them without seeing that they replenish, and perhaps vivify, the subtle medium through which they diffuse their bright products, and which offers a certain resistance to their mo tion. As to danger of collision, of blighting shower, or pernicious breath, it is as nothing compared with the thousand and one chances on which mortal life depends. It always hangs on a thread, and that thread is not weakened to the amount of one fibre by all the millions of comets which a French philosopher calculates to move in our system,'

The United States Economist estimates the consumption of boots and shoes in the United States at seventy-six million pairs per year, valued at eight million dollars. About twelve million pairs are made in Massachusetts—one-half of them in Lynn. The Economist mentions as a remarkable circumstance in this con nection, that notwithstanding the immense extent of the shoe and boot manufacture, and the army of persons engaged in it, neither boot nor shoe makers figure in the last census, though shoe finders and shoo-peg makers do. There is no branch of manufacture conducted with such poor economy as that of boots and shoes. It is within bounds to say that one-third of the teather made into boots and shoes is a dead loss, on account of the imperfect manner in which they are manufactured. Witness the heaps of nalf-worn and ripped shoes in every attic. is this waste of material that has appreciated the price of leather, and all articles made from it, very rapidly within a few years. And it is a waste that is in the end bad economy for the manufacturer as well as the purchaser

The Freeman's Journal has the following : The Rev. Father Grace, at Memphis, Tenn had the pleasure, on the 1st ultimo, to receiv into the Catholic Church Dr. William P. Floyd, youngest son of the late Gov. Floyd, of Virgin Among all the remarkable conversions to he faith in our country, we do not know a par allel to that of this family, in regard to the num ber of converts that it has afforded. Mrs. Letitia P. Floyd, now Mrs. Colonel Lewis, of Virginia, was the first, and her gifted and venerable mother, whose obituary we published a few years ago, was the last, so far as we had heard but the sum total of converts from this immediate family connection has been some twenty

How WE LOOK IN GREEK .- A Life of Wash ington has just made its appearance at Athens, Greece. They make shocking work with our names. Washington is rendered Onasigston; Hancock, Agkok; Bunker Hill, Bosnonton Bongker; and old Governor Dinwiddie figures, in the classic language of Homer, Demosth

FUND.—The stockholders of the Atlantic Tele graph Company, we fear, have found the whole affair to be a "paying-out machine." And no one can doubt that the capital is becoming, more and more, a "sinking fund." So sava the Boston Post.

The official majority by which the Hon. William A. Howard is beaten in the first (Detroit) district of Michigan is just 75. The new Leg. Republicans 24, Democrats 8; House-Republicans 60, Democrats 22; joint ballot—Repub-lican majority, 54. A United States Senator is to be chosen in place of the Hon. Charles E. Stuart, Douglas Democrat. We have heard army. Many a man of military rank has passed through his hands. But he was imbued with Gov. Bingham and the Hon. D. S. Walbridge

The Argus and Democrat (Madison) says that the new Legislature of Wisconsin stands: Sen-A Kansas relic, the veritable candle-box in ate-Republican, 16; Democratic, 14. House, had seen her treat some in former times, afforded him occupation enough for two or three days hed. But the strange, sweet, bitter-succet epi-